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PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS

In the North.

To be in Scotland in September is to be there at one of the best times of the whole year, and an exceptionally large number of well-known people are North of the Border just now. The Royal Family joined forces at Balmoral last week, his Majesty motoring thither from Tulchan, and the Queen, with Princess Mary and the two youngest princes, travelling from London.

September is to be spent quietly. Both their Majesties are in need of a restful time after their continuous exertions of the past season and with the Indian Progress before them. Owing to the famine caused by the delayed monsoon some of the proposed pageantries have been cancelled, or, at any rate, modified, but there still remains a very full programme of gorgeous entertainments to be gone through.

The Duke of Teck is accompanying his royal brother-in-law and sister to India, and Lord and Lady Shaftesbury will once more be of the royal entourage. They, it will be remembered, were in attendance on their Majesties when, as Duke and Duchess of York, they made their long tour of the Overseas Dominions in the *Ophir*.

Meanwhile life goes domestically at Balmoral, a place which suits all the royal children well. The King shoots nearly every day, either on the very extensive Balmoral estates or with his neighbours, the Duke of Fife, the Duke of Richmond, and Admiral Beatty among them.

Northern Galeties.

The Skye Gathering and Ball took place at Portree last week, and Monday next, September 12th, is the day fixed for the Oban Gathering, one of the most popular of Northern gaieties. For this a great many yachting folk put in an appearance and sleep on board, coming ashore for the games and the big ball, which is always a smart function. The Northern meeting, always a two days' function, takes place at Inverness on September 21st and 22nd, but the Perth meeting will not be till a fortnight later. This is much better management than when the two events clash, as has been the case sometimes.

Some Highland Hosts.

Among those in the North just now are Lord and Lady Hythe, whose honours have only fallen on them since the elevation of Lord Brassey from baron to earl promoted his heir, so long known as Mr. "Tab" Brassey, to a viscounty. They are renting Sir John Sterling-Maxwell's place, Corrour, this year. It stands near the West Highland Railway, within sight of the Breadalbane country. Lord and Lady Wolverton are the tenants of Cameron of Lochiel, at Achdalien, near Banavie, and Lord and Lady Suffolk are at Kildermorie, in Ross-shire, a place they have rented for some seasons past. The Duke and Duchess of Portland are, as usual, at Langwell, a place they love so well that they usually spend three months there on end. Sometimes the Duke comes South for Doncaster, but the Duchess never accompanies him.

The Leger Meeting.

People are speculating whether the wondrous Leger Meeting at Doncaster, which is taking place this week, will ever regain the popularity which characterised it during King Edward's reign. It was only in his time that it became a meeting to be reckoned among social events; before that it was a gathering very popular among North Country racing folk and the sporting populace, but not to be reckoned with by the throng who frequent Ascot, Goodwood, and the like It was essentially a tailor-made function till the late King's favour transformed it into a chiffon one.

Among those entertaining for the meeting are Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, who always have a big party at Wentworth, Lord and Lady Galway at Serlby, and Lord and Lady St. Oswald. The Duchess of Newcastle, who generally brings a few friends from Clumber, is in deep mourning for her father, Major Candy; and Lady Savile, whose party at Rufford has, of course, always been *the* feature of the meeting, has been undergoing a "cure" abroad and may not be back.

A Millionaire's Marriage.

The wedding of the week is that of Sir Abe Bailey and Miss Mary Westenra, which takes place this Tuesday at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The engagement has been a very brief one, but the bride and bridegroom's acquaintance is of some standing. After a short honeymoon spent in Ireland Sir Abe and Lady Bailey will leave for South Africa for some weeks, returning shortly before Christmas for the hunting season. Rumour hath it that Sir Abe means to start a racing establishment in Ireland on his return.

Miss Mary Westenra is to wear a sumptuous wedding gown of white brocade veined with gold and a long train draped with Venetian lace, while her bridesmaids are to don pink chiffon gowns with wide scarves of pale blue. Sir Starr Jameson has come over from South Africa in time to act as best man, and Lord Tredegar, a lifelong friend of the Naylor family, of whom Lady Rossmore was one, has lent his big house in Portman Square, where Lord and Lady Rossmore will hold the reception.

In Ireland.

There were a good many after-the-show gaieties in Dublin last week. Their Excellencies gave a garden-party at the Viceregal Lodge, to which a great number of well-known people were present. Lady Aberdeen, who, with the Lord Lieutenant, received their guests on the terrace, wore a very pretty gown of silver-grey satin veiled with mauve, and near by was Lady Arnott in black over white and Lady Florence Bourke in green. Lady Powerscourt, with a grey gown, wore a blue plumed hat, Lady Weldon was in blue, Lady Drogheda all in white, and Lady Mabelle Gerton, who came with her father, Lord Brassey, was in black only lightened by a band of carnations. Everyone was sorry that Lady Iveagh was not well enough to be present. Lord and Lady Aberdeen go to Scotland this week, and will not return to Dublin till October.

Two Charming Sisters.

There are not two more attractive and popular young married women in Society than the two daughters of Lady Alexander Paget, Lady Ingestre and Lady Beatrice Herbert. In the near future an "interesting event" is expected in each of their households, so neither of them has been seen about very much this summer. Lady Beatrice Herbert is already the mother of two little boys and a daughter, while Lady Ingestre's only child is the lovely little girl with whom she appears in the exquisite picture painted by Shannon which was to be seen in this year's Academy. Lord Herbert and Lord Ingestre are brother officers in the Blues.

GOWNS AND GOSSIP:

UPON THINGS IN GENERAL.

My Best Friend.—We are still away in the land of hills, heather, and streams, and feel but little disposed to come back to more crowded parts. I am not quite sure that I, personally, altogether appreciate the blessings of the motor-car, for remoteness is certainly a thing of the past. You or I may imagine that we have come to some very isolated spot, and that we shall be dependant upon the people in the house for our sole society; but such ideas evaporate very rapidly when we find thirty miles to be no barrier to callers or luncheon-ers! Naturally, the motor brings numbers of advantages, but it really has spoilt some of the old joys and romances. Up the loneliest moors and the wickedest of hills, the capable motor pursues its relentless way, and I own to a regret for the days when people who lived on the other side of a county came to dine and spend the night, and carried on life in a more leisurely fashion. It is quite certain that rich people have never been as rich as they are now, and at some houses the motors are as plentiful as pony carts used to be in the long ago. All the same, in some ways there are good changes. Women's country clothes are ever so much more practical and simple than they were. Skirts really are short, and unless there is a genuine garden party, or a local flower show, the coat and skirt is worn all day long, to the infinite happiness of everybody, and the advantage of the girl who has a small dress allowance. There seems to have been a revival of tennis everywhere, and all the nicest girls I have seen playing have had plain cotton frocks of zephyr or gingham, or they have worn well-cut white skirts and lawn blouses. I really believe that it is a good test of any fashion to bring it out into the country, for if it is really dangerous its traitorous qualities will soon be shown up. In this connection the coloured stocking requires the watchful eye! Under certain circumstances it is very nice, but oh! In the open country, when discretion has not been exercised, it is the very nastiest thing imaginable. Good brown boots and shoes, and neat black shoes and worked stockings in the house, will always hold their own, and mistakes, such as openwork stockings and a rough tweed suit, will inevitably cause the critical to criticise.

There are some very good tweed mills up here, where they weave what looks like a kind of Harris, and such wonderful serge, guaranteed to wear for ever; but whenever I buy a length of material I am always worried by the problem of how to have it made up, for so many tailors have rooted objections to taking other people's materials, and the result is that, as a rule, it is far better to get a suit from one's own trusted coat maker, and avoid the beguiling invitation to purchase on the spot.

At the same time, there is a natural tweed, made in Ireland and Wales, and I daresay in Scotland, too, that is almost ideal for the long cover-up coat that everybody wants after tennis. It is woven sufficiently close to keep out a certain amount of wet, and it looks nice in every way. I hope that black and white and grey and black tweeds will remain in fashion, for they are so extremely neat and smart, when made quite plainly, and they are just as useful and wearable in town as in country. The same is true of plain Cheviot suits. A girl came over to lunch the other day in a grey lavender Cheviot coat and skirt, a soft silk crêpe shirt, and a stitched grey suède hat, and her appearance was delightful. The same suit would have looked charming in London, worn with a blouse and a flower or ribbon trimmed hat.

What a boon it is to possess the knack of putting one's clothes on properly! Some girls seem unable to use their natural advantages in the very least. They stoop and poke out their heads, their blouses

A Graceful Evening Gown

are always too loose about the waist, and whatever happens to be the tilt of the hat of the moment they do their best to adopt the very opposite. Just now a hat looks terrible worn too far back on the head, with a good deal of hair pushed out in front, and a stitched hat loses every bit of smartness if it is too small on the head, just as ridiculous as a man's would be if it were provided with a bandeau! And that, surely, would be a fashion not to be imitated!

The contrast of good and bad dressing is revealed when really workmanlike clothes are worn. Some would appear at their very worst in brown or heather tweed, and lamentable when they have to add a dark, unnoticeable shirt and hat. Yet another will look smart and neat in the very same thing, and she will contrive to work in a blue tie or some blue studs, and a small bit of glistening breast feather upon her hat that will give a *cachet*, and yet preserve the neutral tone that is required by those who venture near the guns. Some of the coats made with a back yoke, an invisible spring-pleat, and a belt at the back, are very good, and they are so comfortable for any sort of exercise. The pleat goes tidily into place when the arms drop, and yet the added freedom effected by its introduction is exactly what is needed.

There are a great many pretty gowns to be seen in the evening, and if Fashion "wants muzzling" in the daytime, it is behaving itself very well at night. The wave of Orientalism is a little trying, and tight hip scarves and head drapery "à la Sumurun" do not suit everybody. One large woman in a deep Persian shade of blue, who was gowned in this way, struck many of us as having missed her intended goal, and a course of severe diet and much exercise should precede any severe adaptation of the dress of the gilded East, unless the enthusiast happens to belong to the skin and bone division, and then she can do as fancy directs.

A white satin gown that I have seen has attracted me much. The bodice is just a kimono of ninon with a filmy shadowy lace to rope the sleeves and the V-shaped opening. The skirt is a length of double width satin wound round about, and with one end to form a queer, pointed train, and all the colour is a large cluster of pink and mauve satin rosebuds at the waist. Yet another pretty gown is a blue satin, with a tunic of grey *mousseline-de-soie*, fringed with fine grey pearl and one more attraction is a white spot net, over satin, with a white folded sash of satin round the waist, and a fichu to the bodice, with frills of very finely accordioned pleated net at the edge. This last, of course, is for quite a young girl. For a lady of about sixty-five I have seen a black satin, with a long coat tunic of very beautifully embroidered black net. The long lines of the coat are extremely becoming, and the clever introduction of a line of soft, old Alencon lace very beneficent in its influence.

A man arrived last night who had suffered many things in the strike. He was taking a cross-country journey to a shoot, missed his connection, and slept at the small inn, and after much worry succeeded in hiring a motor to take him to his destination, at the cost one might expect under the circumstances. Our kind hosts have kept us an interminable time, or we, too, might have been wanderers in the waste places of the strike. And this goes once more to prove the truth of the saying "a friend in need is a friend indeed." I must confess that the idea of taking twenty-four hours to do a journey which, under ordinary circumstances, takes four left me, as our American cousins would say, "cold." Many people professed to be independent of strikes, and rumours of strikes, who were the possessors of the ever useful motor-car; then came a rumour of a shortage of petrol, and an increasing price for what was available. Truly, a levelling of circumstances.

A poor friend of mine, who has been spending the greater part of August in London, writes that the little village is like a veritable Tower of Babel. Certainly, August is the month during which tourists of all nationalities invade our shores, and Piccadilly appears full of large checks, flowing lace veils, and Baedekers.

I must say that at this time of year the small straw hat, with a fine lace veil swathed round the crown, and hanging gracefully over the back, appeals to me, but its folds need to be arranged by an adroit hand.

Ever yours, LYDIA LOVELACE.

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